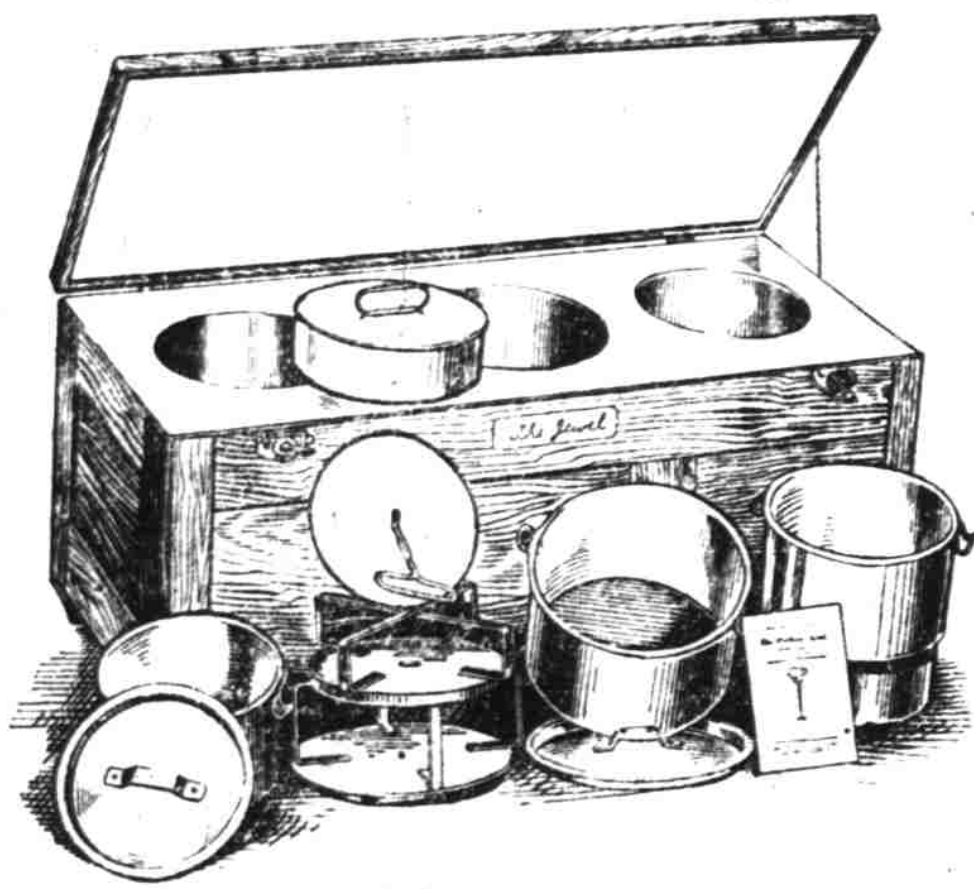


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Ladies will find that salt water  
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sends the blood coursing through  
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It is right side up with care.  
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**ELECTRICITY**

**The Key To Power Economy**

Wherever electricity supersedes steam or gasoline engine drive  
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**MOST CONVENIENT, SANITARY  
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We are prepared to make recommendations and furnish prices  
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**LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR**  
NEW SHIPMENT JUST ARRIVED—PRICES \$1.00 to \$3.50

**CANTON DRY GOODS CO.,**

HOTEL ST.

OPPOSITE EMPIRE THEATRE

## HUMAN TOUCH IN PLAYER PIANO GIVES REMARKABLY 'REAL' EFFECT

One of the big arguments used by salesmen of talking machines is that the possessor of a machine can sing into it, talk into it or play into it and later on reproduce his own efforts on the records, says H. M. Smith in the Indianapolis Sun. This has a subtle appeal to the innate vanity of the human mind and often closes a sale when nothing else will do it.

It is not too much to expect the same idea will be used before long by piano salesmen in selling pianos and playerpianos to prospective buyers.

**Hands May Remain Idle.**

Already the reproducing idea of the phonograph has been utilized by the inventive genius of the playerpiano factory and it is now quite possible for the pianist to sit at his instrument and by pressing a button set in motion machinery which will cause his own interpretations to be reproduced and made available for occasions when he prefers to have his hands remain idle.

And the ordinary individual who likes to hear the musical efforts of others, will no longer be compelled to rest content with a street piano jumble of tinkling sounds, but will have the sweet satisfaction of hearing the proper interpretation of the virtuoso himself, guaranteed by his signature.

And more than that, the virtuoso can make sure the interpretation is at its best in making corrections after he has played the score.

**How Judgment Changed.**

It was not so many moons ago we looked rather distastefully at the evening rather a playerpiano and we felt tempted to stuff cotton in our ears or wear earmuffs to shut out the mechanical dishpan serenades that emanated therefrom.

That was in the day of the so-called "mathematical doll," where a half note was denoted by a puncture in the roll a certain number of millimeters long and the whole note was denoted by a puncture just twice as long. The chords were marked by punctures in exact alignment and the entire effect of the piece when played was that of a machine.

**Mechanical Effect Gone.**

Now, however, all is changed. No longer does the machine-like monotonous rhythm exist. The man who handles the playerpiano may be just as great a virtuoso in his own way as the man who plays manually. Indeed, the man who originally played the piece manually may be the one who finds the greatest enjoyment in reproducing his own work from the roll.

The man who knows naught of music and has no ability to play manually, may be able to produce music by means of the improved rolls and players that rival if it does not excel the work of the best pianist in the land.

Years have been spent in every factory of the world in eliminating the defects of the original player piano and today some of the salesmen will assure you the instruments are perfect in every detail and the makers are offering thousands of dollars reward to any one who can tell the difference between the piece played by an expert and that played by the mechanism.

Others will tell you all that is needed is a little tinkering with the pedal mechanism that will make the pedaling easier. All are agreed, however, that the power may be controlled more perfectly and that the operator of the mechanism may feel the touch of the personal achievement that makes the playerpiano so popular with the musically untrained.

**Approaching Perfection.**

One thing is certain, whether it be the Apollo, the Angelus, the Mammoth, the Ariston, the Cecilia, or whatever other trade name by which the various makes are known; the playerpiano has reached a high state of perfection, after years of careful toil.

Today real music can be obtained by the veriest tyro at the piano. Further than this, the man of very moderate circumstances, the salaried employee, if you like, has it within his reach as well as the bloated capitalist who sits comfortably in a big chair in his upholstered music room and watches an employee handle the handsome player piano, or who listens to the soul-stirring strains of a pipe organ built in the walls of his modern palace.

**Price is Low Enough.**

Along with the more modern improvements that make the players desirable, makers have been striving to make an instrument for a price that will bring it within reach of the ordinary man. And they have succeeded.

Today one can purchase for \$450 a playerpiano of tonal quality almost equal to that which cost the wealthier man \$1,200, and he can pay the \$450 on small installments, weekly or monthly. The man of better circumstances can get a better instrument for \$550 and from that the prices range to \$2,400 for the best grand piano and the latest player attachments.

## CHEAP SHACKS ARE THE RULE

Building has started rather dull for the new year. So far most of the permits run to the cheapest type of cottages for rent. There is only one dwelling of any pretensions and not a single business structure of importance yet on record, with the exception of a big house at Iwilei and a hotel at Wahiawa. To date the permits issued this month are the following:

Honolulu Iron Works Co., temporary store, Smith street; H. I. W. Co., architect and builder; \$700.

Wahiawa Settlement, hotel, Wahiawa; Emory & Webb, architects; R. Hana, builder; \$3650.

D. Mareiros, dwelling, Kahili; Y. Kobayashi, builder; \$750.

J. K. Kamanouli, dwelling, Weaver lane; T. Suzuki, builder; \$1200.

M. Nishahara, four dwellings, Kahili; M. Nosaka, builder; \$1600.

T. Mukai, store, King street; S. Nishi, builder; \$1900.

Honolulu Soap Works, boiler house, Iwilei; H. S. W., builder; \$600.

Wing Lum School, Kamanouli lane, Wing Tai & Co., builders; \$2000.

George H. Angus, dwelling, Nuuanu street; Ripley & Davis, architects; Y. Fukuya, builder; \$4891.

Tai Kee, store and dwelling, Kapahulu; Yip Young, builder; \$700.

The Von Hamm-Young Co., fire escape on McCandless' building, Bethel street; \$600.

Iwilei Investment Co., dwelling, Iwilei; Mah Aee, builder; \$1200.

Iwilei, Mah Kee, builder; \$5200.

Sam A. Leong, dwelling, Kukui street; Sun Lee Tai & Co., builders; \$350.

Yim Kong, dwelling, Kukui street, Sun Lee Tai & Co., builders; \$750.

Chang Chin, three dwellings, McCandless lane; Lee Chew, builder; \$1350.

H. Hashimoto, four dwellings, Desha lane; H. H., builder; \$1200.

Y. K. Yon, dwelling, Fort street; Sun Lee Tai & Co., builders; \$800.

Leong Park On, dwelling, School street; Lau Chung, builder; \$500.

Y. Ahin, dwelling, Iwilei; S. Miyamoto, builder; \$625.

Leong Park On, dwelling, School street; Lau Chung, builder; \$1700.

Yong Wai, dwelling, Banyan street; Lum Sam Tim, builder; \$700.

R. Nishihara, dwelling, Dole street; T. Higashi, builder; \$520.

J. H. Schneck, boarding house repairs, Beretania street; Y. Miyao, builder; \$1750.

Manuel K. Cook, dwelling, Makiki street; Chang Chan, architect; Quon Lee, builder; \$2800.

A. P. Correa, dwelling, Wilhelm Rise; T. Gill, architect; Quon Lee, builder; \$1840.

Joe Botella, dwelling, Punchbowl street; K. Hara, builder; \$1180.

**BORN.**

HAILE—In this city, January 18th, 1913, to Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Haile, a daughter.

A Washington, D. C., police court judge defined a drunkard as a man who finds it necessary to take a drink before breakfast.

## GAULT MAY FACE PROSECUTION

John J. Gault, a marine, now en route to the mainland in the transport Sheridan, may be returned to Honolulu at the instance of the military authorities to answer to a charge of participating in an affray in which it is alleged that the enlisted man in company with three other soldiers, committed an assault on Hackman McCarty, the Jehu claiming that he was robbed of ten dollars in change in the melee.

McCarty has filed charges to the effect that in attempting to swear out a complaint against the soldier, he was advised by officials connected with the police department, to consult with an attorney.

Deputy Sheriff Rose takes occasion to register an emphatic denial to this charge.

According to a statement from Sheriff Jarrett, the hackman called at the station finally declared that he was far from positive as to establishing the identity of the soldier who he alleges struck him and robbed him of his money.

The police insist that the stories of the affray as related by the hackman were more or less contradictory. The Jehu is said to have been given the opportunity of visiting the troops before departure for San Francisco with a view of passing upon the enlisted men on board and aid in discovering his alleged assailant. This offer is declined by Jarrett as having been declared.

## METHODS BEAT LOW MARKETS

At the annual meeting of the Cuban-American Company held on Dec. 17, the financial statement showed \$88,886.46 profit for the year. The surplus account at the end of the year was \$1,918,711.23, or about \$141,000 more than on October 1, 1911. With a capital stock of more than fifteen million dollars, the company has outstanding six per cent collateral trust bonds to the amount of \$9,283,000 due April 1, 1918. The company controls eight estates in Cuba and one in Louisiana, and its capital expenditure during the year ended September 30, 1912, was \$1,495,026.82. Anticipations are expressed in the president's report that the company will have no trouble about labor this year, and this confident statement is made in conclusion.

"The present aspect of the market indicates low prices for the year but, as stated in former reports, the major part of our production will be manufactured by the Chabarra-Belicias Estates, with the most approved and up-to-date machinery and methods, making our industry wholly prepared for the coming year of low markets."

Miss Helen Gould will be married to Philip G. Shepard about January 15, according to report.

# WOODLAWN

IS THE MOST DESIRABLE OF ALL MANOA SECTIONS

An unusually attractive spot on which to build a home.

You have water piped to an elevation of 450 feet; you have an unobstructed view of the ocean and you are on the slope of a hill that suggests a Swiss Chalet for a home.

We can think of no more pleasurable spot; none that compares with it as

## A PARADISE FOR HEALTH

and where one may live in the full enjoyment of absolutely pure air.

The means of getting there are excellent because the roads are good and the walk to the street-cars is a short one.

You are invited to inspect the lots. One acre each, \$1000. Payable a third cash, a third in twelve months and balance in two years.

**Chas. S. Desky,**  
Fort near Merchant Street

## FARMER PERKINS TELLS CUB REPORTER EXPERIENCE OF CITY

BY THE CUB REPORTER.

(Continued from last Saturday.)  
"What do you think of city life, Mister Perkins?" asked the Cub Reporter at dinner one evening as he passed his plate for a second helping of corned beef and cabbage.

"Waal, I ain't been to the city fer such a long time that I have purty nigh forgotten what it's like," answered the farmer.

"When were you there last?" inquired the Cub.

"Bout three year ago. Me and Carrie here took a trip down there to visit our son Joshua who has got a job as bookkeeper in a shooting gallery. But I got mixed up so that Carrie had to bring me home. I never could get used to these here automobiles and street cars, nohow, and so I thought that the farm was the best place fer me."

"You must have had some exciting experiences there," went on the Cub, who scented a story.

"Waal, they wasn't so durned excitin' as they might have been. But these here city folks have some mighty peculiar ways about 'em, and after I had looked around a bit I says to myself, says I: 'This is no place for a simple man from the country.' But if you'll come out on the porch while Carrie clears up the dishes, I'll tell you about one experience I had."

The two got up from the table and walked out onto the porch and sat down, the farmer lighting a corn pipe and the Cub fishing out a cigarette.

"Let's hear the story, Mister Perkins," said the Cub.

"Three year ago," began the farmer, "Carrie and I decided that we would go to the city, as I told you, and see our son Joshua. Waal, we gets to the city all right and puts up at one of these here hotels with elevators and all them things. Right after we had et supper we goes up to our room as we was both tired. Pretty soon there comes a knock at the door and my wife goes, and into the room comes a female that grabs Carrie around the neck and kisses her and carries on something fierce. It turned out that it was a niece of Carrie who heard that we was in town through our son, Joshua. Waal, it seems that Carrie's niece had married a guy that had a lot of money and she wanted Carrie to come out to her house and spend the evenin'. Of course I didn't know what it was, so my wife puts on her things and they was soon gone."

"Not havin' nothin' to do, and not carin' to go to bed so soon, I decided that I would take a walk around the town and take in the sights. It was about eight o'clock, and I ambles out and walked down the street. I guess I had walked about three blocks when I run across a big building what was all lit up in front. There was a bunch of people goin' in and at first I didn't know what it was all about until finally I sees a big sign over in the corner which read: 'She Loved, But He Moved Away. The Greatest Melodrama of the Age.' And right below it was a picture of a feller stabbin' another one. I knew right away that it was one of these here theaters, and as I had never

been to one of the things before I decided that I would take a chance and go in.

"Waal, I went up to a place where a feller was lookin' out of a little window and he looked at me for a long time and finally told me that it would cost me four dollars to get in. Four dollars was a pretty steep price, I opined, but I finally paid him the money and he gave me a little piece of pasteboard with some writtin' on it and told me to go in the door. I went in the door and there was a feller there who told me to give him my ticket. He pointed to the piece of pasteboard which I had in my hand, and I told him that it didn't belong to him and that I wasn't goin' to give it to him. Then he told me that I would have to give it to him before I could see the show, and then I got mad and told him that I had paid four good dollars for the ticket and that I'd see the show or he'd know why, and I was goin' to take on my coat and prove it when another feller come along and talked to the other feller and then told me that the pasteboard had the number of my seat and that I would have to give it to him so that he could show me where I was to sit. Well, sir, I gave the feller the little piece of cardboard and he went and tore it in two, put one half in a tin box and gave the other half to me. I thought he had a lot of nerve to tear up the ticket that I had paid four dollars for."

"Waal, this here feller leads me up to a little box right by the side of a great big picture and points out a chair to me what made me feel just like I was a-settin' in the parlor on a Sunday afternoon. On the floor below there was a whole lot of folks settin' down and a whole lot more kept a-comin' in. Fellers was a-rushin' around showin' their teeth and they was all readin' little papers with printin' on 'em. I sat there a long time and waited to see what would happen. All the people kept lookin' at the big picture, but I was durned if I could see anything about it worth lookin' at. Pretty soon some fellers started to come out of a little door under the big platform what had the pictures on it, and they was carryin' horns and things. They all went into a sort of a little pit and set down and turned on lights and kept a-tootin' on their horns. After a bit they commenced to play and the music was something awful. It wasn't nothin' like 'Old Hundred' or any of them pieces Carrie plays on the organ."

"After a while I got pretty tired of lookin' at the picture and listenin' to the musicians, and I started to leave when all at once the lights went out and someone pulled the picture away and there was a big platform back of it what looked like the inside of a house. Some people come out and started to talk, but I didn't know what it was all about. I reckon they was tryin' to sell somethin' becuz there was one feller with a black mustache who was always talkin' to a right smart-lookin' girl about the mortgage on some'n' like that. After a bit, they pulled the big picture back into place again and all the people who was settin' out in front clapped their hands and hollered 'fine.' I couldn't see nothin' so goi durned fine about it."

"Waal, the musicians started in to play again and after a bit the picture was tuk away again and this time they had the platform fixed up like the outside of a house. There was a bunch of cotton all over the floor and it looked like it was snowin' and I sort of got cold, but I know it wasn't snowin' because I could see a feller way up in the top of the place who was throwin' white paper down onto the platform from a bag. It looked durned natural, though, and I begun to get interested. After while, there came a pretty girl come out. She started in to talk to herself, tellin' how lonely she was and that she didn't have no home, and all that, and I thought to myself that I would have to see her and tell her that I'd more than willin' give her a job on my ranch helpin' Carrie. I shore took a likin' to her, all right. Then pretty soon that feller with the black mustache come out and started to talk to her and I could see that she didn't like him nohow. I got pretty sore at him for the way he talked."

"Why duh yuh keep followin' muh?" says the girl to him."  
"Because I love yuh," he answers.  
"Haven't I told yuh that I hafes yuh?" she asked.  
"But yuh will love muh," he says to her, and I could see that he was a-gettin' sore."

"Then they talked some more and she kept tellin' him to 'give me back the cheild' and then I knew that the feller was no good because if he had of been a gentleman he would have give the girl her child. As they talked they got all het up, and the toiler got madder and madder, and all of a sudden he grabs her by the throat and says: 'I'll kill yuh now and then yuh will never marry him.' I didn't know what the feller meant, and I was durned if I could sit there and see all those people let that feller threat that girl the way he was doin'. Then she screamed and I couldn't stand it any longer, and I takes off my coat and jumps onto the platform, grabs the feller by the throat and says to the girl: 'Never fear; I will save you from this foul fiend who is tryin' to encompass your rooin' and with that I pulls him away and throws him on both his eyes and then turn him over to the constable, when all of a sudden some one took sholt of me from behind and I heard the girl screamin' and cryin' 'Save Harold; Oh, won't somebody save him?' A lot of fellers rushed out from the side of the platform, pulled me off the feller, beat me up considerable, and then threw me out into the street, and you can bet that I got back to the hotel about as quick as a chicken gets out of the rack."

The farmer paused and re-lit his pipe, and then continued.  
"And to this day," he said, "I have never been in the city, and I have never been able to understand how all those people could sit there in that theater and not make an offer to help that poor defenseless girl."

"Oh you hero," thought the Cub, as he stuffed the greater part of a handkerchief into his mouth in order that he might not offend the "son of the soil."

(To Be Continued.)

To overcome difficulty in peeling potatoes, wash them and put them in unsalted water to boil. When par-boiled remove and peel—the skins come off easily, and then put them in boiling water, seasoned with salt, and finish cooking them. This not only saves trouble and time, but it quickly done adds to the mealy qualities of the potato.

**STAR-BULLETIN \$ .75 PER MONTH**